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Wm Bronscombe 2-0-04

The Dedication of the New House, and Twenty Years After.

(Marion Brier, in 'Ram's Horn.')

It was a pretty, cozy little house, not very pretentious, but nevertheless pleasant to look at in the eyes of young Mr. and Mrs. Howard Doran; for was it not their house; had they not fondly watched its walls rise from the foundation up; had they not together chosen every bit of the furniture, experiencing a separate delight in selecting each piece; and now that everything was completed were not their heart-strings already twined about this cozy embodiment of the magic word 'home.' Up to this time they had lived in a boarding-house, and that experience had made them look forward with the more pleasure to having a home of their own and find the greater enjoyment in building and furnishing it.

At last it was ready for them to move in. They had spent a hard, but delightful, day's work getting everything in its place, and now they had just taken a last look through all its rooms before going to the little dining-room to set the table for the supper that was to be their first meal in their new home.

'I tell you, Kate,' Howard said, putting his arm about the little wife as they both stood in the doorway of the tiny sitting-room, 'there's nothing makes life seem so much worth the living to a man as having a home like this. You know I've never known what it was to have a home since I was a little chap,' he added gravely, thinking of the cheerless years that the orphan boy had passed.

There was a tender light in Kate's grey eyes. 'I wish,' she said, 'that all the homeless boys could know what a home such as this is like. Perhaps,' she added thoughtfully, 'we can give a few of them a little taste of homelife here.'

Howard was silent for a few moments, then he said, 'I've lived in a boarding-house ever since I was fourteen years old. My mother died that year, and our home was broken up, and from then until I was twenty years old I had just one invitation to eat a meal or spend an evening at anyone's home. My evenings were spent in my little, cold, cheerless room or on the street. But I did receive one invitation, and you can't know how much it meant to me. I have never forgotten it, for it was the brightest spot in all those six years. I determined then that if I ever had a home of my home, I would sometimes invite a homeless boy to it.'

They were both silent for a few moments. Suddenly Kate said, 'I don't see why Christian people do not dedicate their houses. It seems to me that God wants us to use one in his service just as much as the other.'

'I never thought of it in just that way,' Howard said slowly; 'but I like the idea. Suppose we adopt it; shall we?'

Kate's answer was given by crossing the room to the centre-table for her Bible and handing it to Howard. And then and there before they ate their first meal in their new home they held a simple little dedication service and consecrated the house to their Master's service.

* * * * * * *

Twenty years later, the house, no longer new, but still cozy and comfortable, caught fire from a burning chimney. The fiery flames spread quickly, wrapping great scarlet tongues about the old house and enfolding it in sheets of flames. In a short time the fierce fire had done its work, nothing but a heap of smoldering ashes and blackened stones remained to show the place where the house had stood. An act of heroism on the part of one of the firemen caused the account of the event to be given a prominent place in the daily paper.

"THEY READ THE ACCOUNT WITH INTEREST."

As Dr. White, who was becoming one of the leading physicians of the city, glanced over his paper at the breakfast table the next morning his eye fell upon the account. He gave a quick exclamation. In answer to his wife's look of inquiry, he said, 'The old Doran place is burned completely down!' They read the account with interest, then laid the paper down. 'It really seems like losing an old friend,' he said. 'If it had not been for that house and the people who lived in it, I should have gone to the dogs, I suppose. You see,' he went on, 'that was about a year after I came to the city. I was completely discouraged; everything seemed to go against me; I could get no start anywhere, and there was nobody to care in the whole city. I made up my mind that it was not worth while trying any longer; I had tried my best, and failed; now I would give up and just go in and have a good time. It was then that Howard Doran got hold of me and began inviting me home with him. He awakened my ambition again and aroused my determination to succeed and helped be to a chance to prepare for my work and held me to it. But more than all else, the knowledge that somebody was interested in me and cared if I succeeded and would be disappointed if I failed put iron in my blood. Then his house was a general gathering-place of the young people of the church and neighborhood and I soon got acquainted with them and the old sense of loneliness left me. Yes,' he added, 'everything I am I owe to the evenings I spent in that house and the influences I came under there; and there are dozens of men in the city who can say the same. The world was changed into a far brighter place to many a poor, homeless, discouraged chap in those cozy little rooms.'

A little later in the day, down in one of the machine shops Tom Mason, who was considered the best workman in the shop, opened his paper with grimy fingers and

looked it over. He gave a low whistle of surprise as he came to the account of the fire. 'If the old Doran place ain't burned up!' he exclaimed. 'I'll tell you,' he went on to his fellow workman after he had read the paragraph, 'if ever there was a good man and woman, it was Mr. and Mrs. Doran. They used to invite us young fellows to that house that's burned down and treat us as if we was somebody, until we just had to make up our minds that we would be. I was about as good-for nothing a young chap as you could find in them days, but the very first night Mr. Doran invited me home with him and seemed so interested in me and so sure that I was goin' to amount to somethin' I just made up my mind that I would be somebody if there was any such thing. I started into night school and I got a job and went to work, and I've kept steady at it ever since. But if it hadn't been for that house that burned down last night, or leastwise if it hadn't been for the people that lived in it, I s'pose I'd just have been a good-for-nothing rowdy to the end of my days.' Tom took up his tools and went to work again and his work was even better than usual.

In another part of the city Mrs. Woods, the wife of the pastor of First Church, was looking over the morning paper. Mrs. Woods was idolized by the people of the parish; old and young, rich and poor, came to her with their joys and sorrows, their problems and temptations, always sure of sympathy and help. As her eye caught the description of the fire she uttered an exclamation of dismay.

Mr. Woods looked up from the sermon he was writing, 'What is it, dear?' he enquired.

'Why,' she said, in a tone of deep regret, 'the Doran house is burned! You have heard me speak of Mr. and Mrs. Doran, haven't you, Will? You know we lived in the same block and their house was a gathering place for all the young people of the neighborhood; sometimes the tiny rooms were packed so full there was scarcely standing-room; sometimes we went by ones, or twos, or threes, but always we found an atmosphere of helpfulness there that seemed to awaken the best that was in our natures. We had been a careless, thoughtless set up to the year that house was built; but after we got in the habit of going there, someway, I think none of us could live the old, purposeless life any longer; at least we could not do it with easy consciences as we always had done. The keynote of life in that house always seemed to be helpfulness to others. There was not a homeless, discouraged young fellow come into contact with Mr. Doran but the great-hearted man took him home with him and cheered him up. And every tired, discouraged little dressmaker or music teacher that Mrs. Doran found was given a little share in the homelife at their cozy house. You should have seen how the brightness crept into the sad faces in the genial, sympathetic atmosphere of that home. At first we quite resented finding "all sorts of people," as we designated them, when we ran in to spend an evening. We thought it entirely beneath us to associate with those shabbily dressed people. But we could not resist the atmosphere of helpfulness that had possession of the house, and we soon began to get interested in first one and then another of those who were struggling so bravely against heavy handicaps, and in the end we were almost as enthusiastic in our desire to help as Mr. and Mrs. Doran were. I do not believe,' she concluded, 'that anyone spent an hour in that house without gaining higher ideals of life and new inspiration to work.'

And so on through the city. Scattered here and there in all walks of life were hundreds of those in whose hearts the news that the old house was in ashes awoke memories of help and encouragement received within its walls, of new aspirations aroused and higher ideals caught sight of. The old house was in ashes, but the influences that had been set at work within its walls were going on and on, widening and multiplying.

True Manliness.

(Robert E. Speer.)

Christ came to make men pure. He loved his Church and he 'gave himself up for it; . . . that he might present the church to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish.' The men whom he desired were to separate themselves from all questionable things, and 'to touch no unclean thing.' The very mention of uncleanness was to be blotted out of their conversation. (Eph. v., 3). Even as he was stainless, without defect or flaw, he would have every man stainless, too.

Now the world is full of contaminating things. And as Jesus pointed out, each man has in his own heart a fountain out of which corrupt things come and corrupt the life. How can we become pure? 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us.' 'Every man that hath this hope [of Christ's coming and our being like him] in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.' 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.' And how can we keep pure? He alone who can make us clean can keep us so; but we have our part to do in hating all uncleanness, shrinking from every spot, thinking pure thoughts, cherishing pure and noble friendships, speaking sweet and true words, and remembering constantly Jesus Christ who was pure and undefiled—the kind of a man we wish to be.

Purity is a mark of manliness. It is a sign of strength, of courage, of conquest. Impurity is a mark of cowardice, of weakness, of low taste. It is a waste and rack of blackness blurring the blue sky through which the soul looks up to God. It not only shuts those whom it soils out of the fellowship of all true men; it also bars against them the doors of the heavenly fellowship.

'Beyond our sight a city foursquare lieth
Above the mists and fogs and clouds of earth,
And none but souls that Jesus purifieth
Can taste its joys or hear its holy mirth.'

—From 'Things that Make a Man.'

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'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

In Good Standing.

The meaningless nature of the term 'in good standing' is aptly described thus in 'Church Life': The ice-cold Christian may be a member of the church 'in good and regular standing.' Yes, and a contributing member, too. He attends church quite regularly and sings in the choir. When he gets his 'Sunday best' on he looks quite like a Christian, but how does he live?

No daily Bible reading.
No blessing asked at the table.
No family prayer.
No Bible instruction for the children.
No religious conversation in the home.
No private prayer.
No attendance at the week-day services.
No attendance at the Sunday-school.
No Christ in his choice of reading matter.
No Christ in his favorite amusement.
And only a little of Christ in his head.

Well, what has he, then, which the commonest sinner has not?

1. He has his name on the church roll.
2. He has his name on the list of contributing members.
3. He has a pew or an occasional sitting in the church.

The three things, and nothing more, to entitle him to the glorious name of Christian.

If he should suddenly die he would be given a Christian burial, and these three things about him would be sure to be mentioned in the funeral sermon, and held out to the bereaved family as reasons for a blessed assurance that he has gone straight to glory, with an abundant entrance.—'Christian Guardian.'

Two Fools.

There are two persons in the Bible distinctly called 'fools.' One is the man who declares in his heart that there is no God, and rids himself of all moral obligations, to further personal ends; he gets rid of human responsibilities and gives himself over to his own personal ambitions or appetites. The other 'fool' is the man who said to his soul, 'Thou hast much goods laid up for many years, eat, drink and be merry,' and saying thus accumulated more wealth, and kept on, as we say, making money. God called him a fool. He shut out of sight all the interests not only of his own soul, but of the souls of mankind. He was blind to souls. He was evidently a capable and efficient man. His grounds brought forth plentifully and they did not do that without care and labor, and he had accumulated more than his neighbors. He was conspicuous as a rich man. But he was called a fool in the eyes of God, and the judgment of God is the ultimate judgment of mankind. When a man's life is over, simply to say that he has accumulated a vast fortune, is to say a not very noble thing, unless he has used money and influence in affecting human character, or the lives of other and succeeding generations. If he has not done this he passes out of life pitied, somewhat despised by his fellow men. He has not quickened mankind unto good, made this a world easier to live in, and made all the world desirable to live in. If he has not done this, he is what the Bible calls a 'fool.'—'Franco-American Citizen.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

'Just my Luck.'

(Blanche Atkinson, in 'The Christian World.')

'Yes, it is provoking, but it's no use fretting about it. You can't possibly go to a dance with a twisted foot!' Clare said calmly.

'It's all very well for you to take it so coolly. The "Haves" always tell the "Have-nots" it is no use fretting. I am miserably disappointed, and I don't see why I should not say so. But it is just my luck!'

The last speaker was on the sofa, with one foot bandaged. Her pretty face was woe-begone and her tone bitter. Clare, the elder sister, was ready dressed for the dance, and stood drawing on her dainty gloves.

'Well, at all events, Nan, don't sulk all the evening, and make poor mother miserable, too. She has enough to worry her. Dick has been making what he calls a "clean breast" of it once more, and his expenses have been something awful! I don't think we ought to have had these new frocks if we had known. It is too bad of Dick.'

'Dick couldn't help it!' Nan cried. 'He told me how vexed he was. But he didn't know things would cost so much. He is going to be ever so careful next term. Oh, here he is! And the cab is waiting. . . . You look—"ripping," doesn't she, mother? And Dick is a perfect darling in dress clothes!'

Dick was a handsome lad of nineteen. He had won a scholarship at Oxford, and his mother and sisters were determined that he at least should have a career. He came to Nan's side and kissed her. 'It's a shame to leave you behind!' he said.

'Just my luck!' she said, but laughing now. 'I don't see any "shame" about it—go off—and my blessing be with you, my children! Mind you behave prettily.'

Mrs. Osborne was standing by with a warm white shawl for Clare, and smiled proudly at her handsome boy and girl.

When they had driven away she came back with a heap of books and papers in her arms.

'I hope you have something amusing to read, Nan,' she said. 'I must go through these accounts.'

Without waiting for the girl's answer she sat down at her writing-table, and was soon engrossed in her work. Nan lay back on the sofa and watched her mother's face—that dear face—which she suddenly saw had more lines of care than it used to have. Her mother worked so hard with the school! It must have been a struggle for her to bring them all up comfortably, and never was a word of complaint heard.

'Is something wrong, mother?' Nan asked at last, feeling that she could not bear to be silent any longer. 'You look just as little Mary does when her sums won't come right.'

'That's exactly how I feel, Nan,' Mrs. Osborne said, with a smile and a sigh. 'And perhaps I had better put my papers away, my head aches!'

'Poor dear! I thought you had a headache,' Nan cried. 'You have been fretting about Dick's expenses, haven't you?'

'It would not have been so harassing at any other time,' her mother said, wearily; 'but we had not a good term, you know; and I really hardly see how to begin the year without leaving something unpaid. I have such a horror of getting into debt! And unless I can get an extra fifty pounds I don't see how to avoid it. . . . . But I ought not to worry you, dear, just when you have your own disappointment to bear, too!'

'Oh, never mind me!' Nan cried, cheerfully. 'It was just my luck to go and slip on a bit of orange peel and twist my foot. Such a sordid, stupid, uninteresting sort of accident. And, after all, worrying about £50 seems rather, rather small tragedy, doesn't it, mother darling. You won't when your headache is better.' Then she slipped off the sofa, seized the walking-stick which was close by her, and hobbled across to Mrs. Osborne's side, and threw her arm round her mother's neck.

'I'm not going to lie down again till you stuff all those horrid bills and things into your desk and lock them up; and then go upstairs to bed.'

'But you would be so dull, dear.'

'Not a bit. I rather enjoy the luxury, rare in this house, of being quite alone. At ten o'clock I shall send Jane to bed; then I shall make myself some delicious coffee, and write a jolly long letter to Frank.'

'But they may not be home till one or two o'clock!'

'All the better for Frank. I will send the dear boy such a screed!'

Mrs. Osborne rose. 'I shall be glad to go to bed—if you are sure that you don't mind, Nan. It has been hard for you, my dear, to miss the dance; and you have taken it so well.'

'Indeed, I have "not"!' Nan exclaimed, 'I have been horrid about it all day. And you don't know how bad I felt when I saw Clare in her pretty gown. Good night. Shall I bring you anything?'

'No, dear, I only want bed.'

Nancy held the door open and listened until she heard her mother go into her own room. Then she limped back to the sofa, buried her face in the cushions and sobbed.

'Oh, it is hard—it is! I have scarcely ever a real treat; this was the only dance we may have this winter, and we had spent all Aunt Sophy's Christmas present in new frocks. I should have looked as nice as Clare—and Archie will be there. It is hard. And I don't believe any girl could help fretting. I grind away with those stupid children, and help mother as much as I can. And now when one little bit of brightness comes my way—"this" happiness! And poor darling mother is worried to death about this wretched money! Why, lots of people would think no more of fifty pounds than I do of sixpence; and yet the want of it gives poor mother a headache—and a heartache, too, I know—O dear! O dear!'

With her face on the cushions, and deafened by her passionate sobs, Nan did not hear any sound until the door of the room opened, and Jane said: 'There's a gentleman, miss, wants to see the mistress. I said you were——'

'Oh, but I'm "not"!' Nan cried, sitting up. 'Don't let him come in!'

At the same moment the visitor came in not hearing her words. And Jane, in dismay, quickly withdrew, wondering what Miss Nancy would do.

What could she do but wipe her eyes, and try to look as if she had not been crying?

'Why, Nan! It is Nan, isn't it? What is the matter?' the stranger began. 'Well, there, never mind me. I'm not a stranger. I am your mother's cousin George, though you don't remember me. I have not been in town for seven years. So when my lawyer sent for me on business, and I found that I had to spend a night in town, I thought I would come and see my cousin Anne, your mother. The maid said Mrs. Osborne was not very well and had gone to bed early. But Miss Nancy was in. I remembered Nan, a merry little girl with curly locks. So in I came. Would you rather I went away, my dear?'

'No! Oh, no! And I'm very sorry you caught me crying. I don't often—really.'

Cousin George was much older than her mother. He had a tired expression in his eyes—but a wonderfully kind smile. He had seated himself near the sofa, and was looking at the bandaged foot.

'Is that painful? Is that what is the matter?' he asked.

'Partly,' Nan said, smiling. 'That's the cause of it. But I'm rather ashamed to tell you. You will think me so silly to cry—now that I am grown up.'

'Grown ups have a good deal more to cry for than children,' he said. 'But I'm glad it isn't very bad!'

'Oh! I don't suppose you will think I ought to have cried at all. But it was such a horrible disappointment—and my new frock was so pretty, and we get very few dances. And this morning, as I came in from town, I slipped on a piece of orange peel and twisted my foot. I can't put it to the ground, so it was no use going to a dance. . . . If it had only been to-morrow! But, of course, I know, as Clare said, it is no use fretting about it. It was just my luck, and that's all.'

'Poor little girl.' He looked at her so kindly that Nan wanted to tell him all about it. 'You see, other girls might not care so very much to miss one dance. But we work very hard. You know that mother has had school ever since she was left a widow?'

'Yes, I know. Very successful—is it not?'

'She keeps things going. But we all have to help, of course. So it is only in the holidays that we can go out at all. We have what people call a monotonous life. This dance was to be such a treat! We had looked forward to it for weeks. . . And now—here I am!'

'Poor Nan!'

'I wonder if you are really sorry for me,' she said, suddenly. 'I so often miss a thing I want very much by some stupid accident like this. Of course, it is nobody's fault. It is just my luck!'

He was silent for a moment, and then said, 'Did you ever try how it felt to say "Just God's orders" instead of "Just my luck"?'

She shook her head. 'Why should he care whether a girl went to a dance or not? It seems absurd!'

'How do you know? Going or not going might influence the whole course of your life and of other lives. If you never

see any result of the accidents which you call "just your luck," you can never really know in what way the countless threads of human lives are linked together and what purpose was served. Another time when you are inclined to exclaim, "Just my luck!" say "Just God's orders for me!" and—you may have to cry over them, but you will feel different.'

'It was such a "little" thing!' Nan said wistfully. 'But it was not only that I was crying about. Poor darling mother had gone to bed with a bad headache brought on simply by worrying about bills. We have had rather a bad term, and yesterday Dick came home from Oxford—' Nan hesitated. Cousin George was almost a stranger after all. Ought she to be telling him their family affairs? But it was too late. He looked very much interested. 'Dick is the youngest, isn't he? He was a jolly little chap seven years ago!'

'And he is such a dear boy! And so clever and very handsome. The best-looking of the family. He took a scholarship at Oxford, so mother and we girls resolved that he should have a good chance. But he didn't quite see what expenses he was going into; and he really means to be very economical for the future. It is horrid—trying to be economical—isn't it?'

'I hardly know; my father gave me a good allowance, and paid my debts besides. So I am very sorry for Dick.'

'Oh! I am glad you are sorry!' Nan said with shining eyes. 'I was afraid you would blame Dick, and I could not stand that from anyone!'

Cousin George laughed heartily. The tired look was going out of his eyes. Nan felt as if he was quite an old friend.

'Then there's another boy?' he asked.

'Dear old Frank is in Canada, making believe that he's going to make a fortune the day after to-morrow. And meanwhile, until he does, we can't put our hands on a stray £50 to save poor darling mother from a headache. Isn't it stupid?'

'Yes, there is such a lot of wasted money knocking about that you might have some of it,' he said. 'I suppose poor Dick——'

Nan interrupted him.

'You must not think Dick has done any harm. We had a bad term, and mother is so frightened of a little debt. But it will all come right. Oh! it is ten o'clock. And here is Jane coming with the kettle and the coffee. I make such good coffee. May I make some for you?'

'I would like it immensely. But your foot!'

'Oh, I can hobble beautifully with a stick!' And Nan was off the couch and limping about the next moment. 'It has been a delightful evening,' she said. 'I am so glad that I had not gone to the dance. And I won't grumble about my luck again. . . . You would have gone away, and we should not have known one another. Now we have made friends, have we not?'

She had poured out two cups of coffee, hot and strong and fragrant, and Cousin George had pronounced it to be the best he ever tasted. But his face was rather grave.

'I am glad you won't talk about your luck any more, Nan. But, my dear, even if I had not come, and you had spent the evening in crying, I want you to see that both what we call bad fortune and good are ordered for us. Your part and mine is just to take what comes—not as "luck," but as what God has ordered. It often seems as if one little stupid accident spoiled our whole lives, and caused bitter pain to many. We cannot see in the least how it all ends—nor where it began. We see only this little bit in the middle. Because this disappointment has been softened for you by my visit, don't begin to think that "all" disappointments will be, if you take them well. You and I have to learn to accept the "accident" and the disappointment because it was ordered so—and not otherwise. Will you try, Nan?'

He had finished his coffee, and stood up. The girl's hand was in his. 'Did you find it hard to learn?' she asked, touched by the look in his quiet eyes.

'Very hard. . . There was a girl once who had just such a stupid little accident as yours—only it was her horse that had stumbled—and she was killed. She had laughing eyes and curling hair like you. All my life has been different from what I intended—because her horse made one false step. I have no one belonging to me, except all men and women. And so I am able to be of a little use now and then when an opportunity comes, and am grateful for. . . . Good-night, child.'

He stooped and kissed her; and before she could reach her stick and hobble after him, he had gone.

There were tears in the girl's eyes, but they were for him and for that other girl—not for herself. As she moved the tray to make room for her writing desk, she saw an envelope lying as if pushed beneath it—addressed to herself. Inside were two banknotes for £50 each, and written in pencil on a slip of paper these words: 'You will not mind your own disappointment when you see that it has brought me the chance of prescribing for your mother's headache. My business man made me take some notes to-day, which I was puzzled how to invest. You have helped me to see how. Tell Dick to call upon me to-morrow.'

Nan gasped. Was it magic? Then she remembered that Cousin George had been very quiet while she was busy making the coffee. This was what he had been doing. . . . And, well knowing what it would mean to her mother, Nan once more buried her face in the sofa cushions and wept tears of joy.

An Optimist.

According to the Chicago 'Daily News,' the old man was sitting on the roof of his house in Kansas after the floods, and was gazing placidly across the rushing waters.

'Washed all your fowls away?' asked the man in the boat.

'Yes, but the ducks swam,' smiled the old man.

'Tore up your peach-trees?'

'Don't mind it much. They said the crop would be a failure.'

'But the flood! It is up to your windows!'

'Wal, them windows needed washing, anyway, stranger.'—'Christian Guardian.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Kenneth's Treasure Trove.

(L. M. Montgomery, in 'Good Cheer.')

Two boys were leaning over the whitewashed paling that rimmed in the orchard of an old homestead at Glen St. Mary. It was the afternoon of a late summer day. The air seemed infused with a golden mellowness and the sere pastures on the uplands and the crisp stubbles in the valley below them were softened by a film of pale blue haze. Behind them, in the orchard, the gnarled and closely-growing trees were ruddy with ripening fruit, and in front, gleaming through the gaps in the firs that sheltered the barns, was the dazzling blue sweep of St. Mary's Bay.

Kenneth Cleveland and Leonard Butler were cousins, both about sixteen years of age. Kenneth was tall and broad-shouldered, with a tanned, intelligent face and steady, thoughtful gray eyes. He was evidently a country boy, and just as evidently Leonard Butler was city-bred.

The latter was spending the last few days of his vacation at his uncle's farm. He and Kenneth were sworn chums and until recently had hoped to spend the winter together at Bennett Academy. Kenneth had just been telling him that this was not to be.

'Father told me this morning that he could not afford to send me after all. He has lost heavily by the failure of that shipping firm down at the harbor—so heavily, indeed, that it must be "short commons" with us for several years. So Bennett Academy is out of the question for me this winter, and probably for good and all.'

There was a ring of discouragement in Kenneth's voice. He had set his heart on going to college. It was hard now to face the likelihood of disappointment and resign himself to staying on the farm. Kenneth had always done his duty thereon manfully, but the work was not congenial to him and, with several younger brothers growing up, he could be easily spared from it.

'It is too bad,' said Leonard. 'I suppose there is no way you could earn the money yourself?'

Kenneth shook his head.

'Not in Glen St. Mary. If I could get my winter at the academy I could get along after that. It would give me my teacher's certificate, and I could teach and so work my way through college. But there seems to be no way.'

After an interval of silence Kenneth shook himself together with a laugh.

'Well, there is no use in sulking, is there, Len? Other fellows have had to give up their ambitions before now. No doubt I'll live through it. Just at present my manifest duty is to go and pick those big blue plums for mother. She wants to make her preserves this week. Mother's blue plum preserves have a local fame extending over three counties. As for the rest—you, in two weeks' time, will be pacing Bennett's classic halls with notebook and lexicon—and I, in overalls and sou-wester, will be a-fishing in the briny deep for oysters in Big Tom Kedge's boat.'

'Are you joking?'

'Not I. Oyster fishing pays, Len. It's not wildly exciting and it is hard work, but there's a bit of money in it while the

season lasts. I shall make thirty dollars or so—not more, for I can only go when father can spare me. If I make no more than enough to get my winter clothes it will lighten his responsibilities somewhat. I begin on Monday. Don't look so compassionate. I'm strong as a horse and I'm fond of the bay. If the weather is fine I shall have lots of fun. And I think myself lucky to get the place. Big Tom had a dozen other applicants.'

On Monday morning Kenneth did go to work. The weather had changed and the ensuing week was cold and wet, with a misty north-easter whipping over the bay. Under such circumstances oyster fishing was even less enjoyable than usual, but Kenneth stuck to it manfully.

One evening, shortly before Leonard's visit came to an end, he and Kenneth were in the farmhouse kitchen at dusk. It was an old room, low-raftered and whitewashed, with a cheerful fire in an old-fashioned Waterloo threading the gloom with rose red ribbons. Len liked the old kitchen; he was stretched out on a braided rug before the fire with his head pillowed on the book he had been reading before dark, and stroking an enormous gray cat which was curled up beside him.

'I've something to show you,' said Kenneth. 'It came up in the drag this morning. I think it is a pearl. Do you suppose it is worth anything? There was a man years ago at the Lower Glen who found a pearl in an oyster and got ten dollars for it.'

While he was speaking Ken was rummaging in his pocket, and he now produced a huge, encrusted oyster shell and handed it to Len. As the latter held it to the firelight a whistle escaped him. A pearl it undoubtedly was, looking, as the rays of light played over it, like a bit of crystallized seafoam. It was about the size of a pea.

'What do you think of it? It's pretty anyhow, isn't it?' said Ken.

Len nodded abstractedly. He shifted the pearl about and watched the iridescent play of colors on its glistening sphere.

'Ken,' he said suddenly, 'it seems to me that this pearl ought to be worth a good deal. But of course I'm no judge. Such pearls are very rare, aren't they?'

'Yes. The Lower Glen man was the only person who ever found one here.'

'Well, I'll tell you. Let me take this pearl home with me, and I'll take it to a jeweller and get his opinion. If it is of no value I'll return it to you. If it should be worth anything, I'll do the best I can for you.'

Kenneth nodded.

'All right. I don't suppose it is worth anything. Still, if it does bring in a few dollars I'd be glad. Christmas comes in about three months, you know, and the mother has to have a present.'

With a laugh Kenneth put on his sou'-wester and went out to milk.

'Looks as if this Scotch mist isn't ever going to let up,' he remarked as he opened the door to the wet, chilly night.

Len put the pearl away, and it was not referred to again. Kenneth had almost forgotten about it when a letter came from his cousin. It ran as follows:

'Dear Ken: When I returned home the cares and perplexities of getting ready for school prevented me from attending to the matter of which you wot for a time. Yesterday I took it to the firm of Hoffman Brothers, who are the foremost jewellers in Bennett, and left it with them until to-day. Called this afternoon. Was informed that the pearl was a perfect one of its kind, and that if I cared to dispose of it they would give me two hundred dollars for it!

'I imagine my eyes stuck out. I had a secret hope that your treasure trove would be worth a good deal more than you expected, but I had not thought of anything so good as this. I closed with the offer instantly, and herewith enclose cheque for the sum named. It means Bennett Academy for you, old fellow, and right glad am I. Hurry your prettiest and you then won't be more than two weeks late in entering. That day's oyster fishing was a pretty profitable one for you, Ken. If you discover any more pearls please explain how you do it to

'Your very much delighted coz,

'LEN.'

Kenneth never did discover any more pearls, nor did anyone else at Glen St. Mary, although Ken's good fortune gave a great impetus to oyster fishing for several seasons.

But the one he did find gave him a good start in his education, and to-day a noted lawyer in a thriving Western city traces his success back to the pearl that came up in the drag one day when he was fishing oysters in St. Mary's Bay. But perhaps the sturdy energy which led him to do even uncongenial work rather than none at all, if by so doing he could help his father in a small way, has had more to do with it than the pearl, after all.

Be Careful How You Build.

One of my friends told me of a philanthropist who once bade a contractor, who had been most unfortunate, build him a dwelling, and he gave him authority to choose the material and to govern every part of its construction. At last the house was finished, but the contractor had felt that this was an opportunity for him to recover some of his lost fortune, and had put into it the poorest material, and the faultiest of work, and when the house was finished the philanthropist said, 'This house is for you and your family, and you can live in it as long as you please. It is yours forever.' And then the man realized that he had built a poor house in which he must live. Is it not like this with those of us who build weakness into our character and allow sin to rule in our lives? We are building a house in which we must live forever.—'The Religious Intelligencer.'

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Philip's Failure.

'You're grown finely, my beauties. It is a little late for transplanting you, but you'll do well yet.'

Philip dug vigorously at the petunias which he had been caring for under glass, and which now, in their brightest colors, gave rich reward for his pains.

He took them from the pots which had been imbedded in the sand and wheeled them to the garden in which they were to be placed.

'Phew, but I'm tired of that stooping!'

Seating himself on the edge of his old wheelbarrow, he drew a book from his pocket and was soon absorbed in its contents.

'What are you reading, Philip?'

He closed his book and looked up quickly to see his uncle coming toward him.

'Oh,' he began, a little flush arising to his face. 'It's—it's nothing in which you would be interested, sir. Just one of those tales of frontier life. I like them for the snap that is in them.'

His uncle took the book from his rather unwilling hands, and turned over the leaves.

'Poor paper, poor print, coarse illustrations. Poor help in forming the taste of a young fellow. But perhaps,' with a little smile, 'the good you are getting out of it pays you to overlook those minor matters.'

'Well, I'm willing to say I think not,' said Philip. 'This is what you would be likely to call trash of the first water. I read it only for recreation, you know.'

'When you are as old as I am, my boy, you will look back with regret on every hour of your young life which you have spent on trash. They are your golden hours. Whatever you acquire in them will stay by you through life. A young mind is clear and vigorous, and retains what is impressed on it. Such time as you spend in really profitable reading will be of high value to you.'

'I study hard in school,' said Philip.

'I am sure of that—your reports all testify to it. But does that take away from you the relish for good, solid, instructive reading? Don't you read history or biographies?'

'History is so dry. I've tried it sometimes, but it is such hard work to get my mind down to it. Hugh Humphrey bones down to solid reading. Talks about it as if he really enjoyed it.'

'Hugh has found that the best men of all times have spent all the powers of their gifted minds in the preparation of treasure for all who have the good sense to avail themselves of it. Why, Phil, have you ever reflected that in the writings of great men we can make our own the knowledge which it took their whole lives to acquire?'

'I wish, sometimes, that I did take to solid reading,' said Philip, a little regretfully. 'But it bores me so. I've tried it, but I can't get interested in it.'

'That is because you have fed your mind so long on this,' said his uncle tapping the book. 'You are like a child fed only on sweets. It loses all relish for wholesome food. And that is not the worst of it; its body is relaxed and enfeebled by it, and just so the mind suffers as the result of unwholesome literature.'

'I have always felt strongly on this point,' went on his uncle, 'by reason of the

fact that in my younger days I was so fortunate as to come under the influence of an old gentleman who rated me very soundly on my habit of reading worthless books. He laid before me so energetically, indeed so severely, the folly and evil of it, as to deeply impress me. Lost time, lost opportunity—the powers of a God-given mind vitiated, instead of being elevated by seeking the best within our reach—hours wasted for which we must give account on the great day. He put it at me strongly, you see.'

'I should say so,' said Phil thoughtfully.

'I am thankful to say that I had the grace to take heed to his words. I turned resolutely from my trash to better things. I found it dull, but I bent myself to it. I made myself stick to it till the wholesome relish came. You see I had to reform my vitiated tastes. When, a few years later, my eyesight became impaired, I realized my debt of gratitude to my plain-spoken old friend. I have never since been able to read except by mere snatches. But I will not keep you here to listen to any more preaching. The weather looks doubtful, and you had better get your flowers into the ground. Seems to me they are pretty well in bloom.'

'I know that all he says is right,' mused Philip, as he was left to himself. 'I'm going to do it, too. I'm just going to see how this comes out, and then I'll go at the solid reading and make myself like it.'

He lost himself in the pages until fully aroused by the falling of large drops on his book. Heavy rains had again set in, and the wheelbarrow full of rich blooms, was hastily wheeled under a shed to remain for days before the ground was once again fit for their reception.

'They're a sorry looking lot,' said the boy in deep regret, as he saw the plants had withered during the delay.

'They're looking for an assistant on some work in the library in town, uncle,' Philip eagerly said to him a few weeks later. 'Something about cataloguing, I believe, and the work is to last all through vacation. I was thinking that as you are one of the directors you might speak for me. It will be good pay and not such very hard work.'

'I had already thought of you in reference to that place. But they want a young fellow who has some acquaintance with general literature—especially history, and among a number of applicants have settled on a friend of yours, I think, of whom I have heard you speak—Humphrey is his name.'

'Hugh Humphrey,' said Philip. 'Yes, yes—we boys all called him poky, because he settled down to heavy reading. But he's got ahead of us now.'

'And spending his summer among good books and scholarly men will set him still further ahead,' said his uncle.—'Forward.'

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Gordon Lamar's Props.

(Hilda Richmond, in the 'Religious Telescope.')

'Now I'm ready,' declared Gordon, flinging books, paper, and pencil into a drawer. 'If there is anything I hate it's partial payment. Long, tedious things, and if you make the least mistake the whole problem comes out wrong.'

'You ought not to hate anything you can do so well,' observed Uncle Luther. 'Ten partial payments in half an hour is far quicker work than I ever did in school. You should be proud of your ability.'

'Oh, I didn't work all ten,' said Gordon, flushing slightly. 'They are all alike, you know, so Ned Holmes and Frank Lester and I work together. I mean, the method is the same of course. Any one who can work one of the examples can do them all; and it's just a waste of time to figure away for hours when you can exchange. If I wanted to work every one myself I couldn't take this long ride with you, uncle.'

'Wouldn't you have time in the evenings for your lessons?' asked Mr. Lamar, without commenting on his nephew's peculiar methods.

'Yes, if I missed all the basket-ball games and shows, I suppose I would; but none of the boys do that. I used to be foolish enough to hunt up all the answers to everything in history and all the branches myself; but it's a thousand times easier to trade. What's the use of my hunting all through the encyclopaedia for such things as Mr. Forest delights in digging up in the history class, when ten boys can combine and take a day about finding out the answers?'

'How do you get along when examination comes?' inquired Mr. Lamar.

'Oh, that's the best part of our scheme. You see, if you get good grades in your daily work, you are excused on merit in everything; for my grades are always ninety, or over. Do you stop here?' for Mr. Lamar was driving up a muddy lane toward a rickety farmhouse.

'I bought some hay from Jim Lane last week, and he has never delivered it. You hold the horse while I run in and see if he is sick.'

'Such a tumble-down set of buildings!' exclaimed Gordon, when his uncle was once more in the buggy. 'Look at the props under that shed. Is the owner too old, or too sick to fix things up? It seems to me a few loads of gravel would make this lane passable.'

'No, he's a young man, and he intends to do all these things when he gets time,' explained Mr. Lamar. 'He probably put that prop under the sagging building when he was busy with something else.'

'Well, he must be very busy, for there are five supports under it now, and it looks ready to fall any minute. I can't see why people neglect things like that. Just look at the farm across the road. That's the kind of work to do.'

'It always pays to do good, honest work in everything, for the results tell all about the worker,' said Uncle Luther, emphatically.' 'The people who cheat themselves into thinking half-hearted work won't come to the surface in time, generally discover their mistake too late to repair the damage.'

* * * * * * *

'Gordon, are you very busy this evening?' called Mr. Lamar, driving up to his brother's house. 'If you can spare the time, I'd like to have you drive out and tell Jim Lane I must have that hay. You know where he lives. That place where the buggy-shed was all propped up. He promised it sure this week, and my customers have been waiting several days. If you can't go, I'll find a man, for I don't want you to neglect your studies.'

'Of course I can go. It's Ned's night to get the history, and our examples are all worked. I wouldn't miss driving Polly by myself for anything,' and he climbed joyfully into the buggy.

'I 'lowed to haul the hay this very day, but my buggy-shed fell down last night,' explained Jim Lane, when Gordon reached his forlorn place. 'Luck's dead agin poor folks. Smashed the only buggy I had, and just about finished my waggon. Nothin' like that ever happens to old man Jones, over there, but it's 'cause he's rich, an' I ain't got a hundred dollars to my name.'

'May be he doesn't let his buildings run down,' suggested Gordon. 'When I was out here with uncle, some time ago, I just thought your shed was on its last legs. Were you too busy to straighten it when it first began to lean?'

'You're just like all the folks around here, includin' my wife. If they had their way, I'd never have a minute's time to rest from mornin' to night. I'd like to know if a fellow's got to work, work all the time? I'm sure you don't do your level best in school every day. If you do, you're the first young one that ever did. Better look out for yourself before you tell other folks how to do,' and Jim looked much abused.

'I'll bring it as soon as I kin borry a waggon,' said Mr. Lane. 'None of the neighbors is a bit accommodatin' in these parts. They kick about lendin' the least thing. Jest because old Jones had to send fer his plough the last three times I borried it, he's shut down on lendin'. They's no place in this world fer poor folks.'

'Shiftless,' said Gordon to himself, but he did not discuss the question with the discouraged farmer.

* * * * * * *

'At a meeting of the board last night, it was decided to abolish the merit system and examine every scholar regardless of grades,' explained Mr. Forest, one morning shortly before the spring vacation. 'It is not definitely known whether the promotions at the end of the term will be made from merit, or otherwise, but I thought you would all like a little time to get your pencils and paper in readiness, if that has not been attended to as a part of the daily work. We will have the test in history this afternoon. You may now begin the problems for the morning.'

If the teacher needed anything to confirm his suspicions that the daily grades did not represent each pupil's individual work, he had the confirmation in the very guilty and startled looks the boys cast at their mates. Was it possible that some sneak had told? This thought flashed through every mind instantly, and there was not a boy in the room but was sure he could point out a coward, as he mentally termed him. They could not know that for months Mr. Forest had been so quietly comparing, watching, and reading between the lines of the faultless papers submitted daily, the story of deception and

defeat for the future.

'Hello, Gordon! Dreaming on your way home?' asked Mr. Lamar, as his nephew would have passed without speaking to him. 'Have you time to take another drive for me this evening?'

'No, indeed, uncle. What do you think? Some mean sneak told Mr. Forest of our plan of exchanging work, and now the board has decided to abolish the merit system. We had history this afternoon, and I'm sure I didn't get over sixty. It must have been because I was angry that I did so poorly, for I have been getting one hundred right along. I know it was Harry Miner who told, for he never would have anything to do with our scheme. I'd like to punch his head for him.'

'Before you undertake that job, Gordon, you better find out if he really told your teacher. I think all of you had a hand in the telling.'

'Why, Uncle Luther, that is impossible! We were just as careful as could be about exchanging, and never told it where Mr. Forest could hear the least word.'

'Actions speak louder than words,' said Mr. Lamar, sagely. 'What do you suppose your teacher was thinking of when he saw you at all the ball games and the skating parties this winter, and yet you were able to hand in fine papers every day? The trouble was, you thought yourselves too shrewd for him, but you found out your mistake. Do you remember poor Jim Lane's shed? He put one prop after another under it, till it rested entirely on the supports, and not on the foundation. That was the way with your lessons. You began by putting a small prop under your arithmetic, intending to straighten it all up when the fall games were over—'

'And I got so many props under everything that my school work will be like the wreck of Jim's shed when this examination is over,' interrupted Gordon. 'But why didn't you warn me, uncle, in the beginning of the term?'

'Because you didn't need any warning. The fact that you did not tell your parents about your wonderful scheme, and kept Mr. Forest ignorant, or thought you did, proves that every one of you knew it was wrong. You criticized Jim Lane so sharply for neglecting his work, and I told you then that none but honest effort ever paid, but you did not think my little sermon applied to you. By the way, Jim has turned over a new leaf. Even in this short time he has made wonderful improvements in his shabby place, and I believe he'll come out all right.'

Gordon brought his miserable report of examination to his father and mother, and in manly fashion confessed his fault. 'There are two and a half months till the final examination, and, if possible, I will make up enough of this failure to go into the higher class; but if not, I'll stay with Mr. Forest another year, for I deserve it.'

'Your mother and I saw long ago how things were going, and hoped you might see your mistake before losing a whole year's work, and you have. By hard work, I am sure you can be promoted,' said his father.

One bright June day a very happy boy put his record of promotion in his pocket and went out to beg Jim Lane's pardon for his hasty words. 'I'm sorry I said what I did about your shed, Mr. Lane,' he began, looking with astonished eyes at the trim place, where once rubbish had reigned supreme. 'I was propping my work in school a good deal more than your shed, but I was too blind to see it.'

'No harm done,' laughed the young farmer. 'No more propping for me. See my crops,' waving his hand toward a field of corn. 'Molly says the old shed ought to have fallen long ago.'

'It would have been better for me if my props had given way earlier in the year, too,' said Gordon, thoughtfully; 'but I'm not going to worry about the past. I've had a lesson to last a long time.'

'So have I. If ever you see a prop on this place while I live here, come in and knock it down, will you?' and Jim turned resolutely back to his work.

'All right, and you do the same for me,' laughed Gordon, turning Polly toward the pike. 'Good-by.'

All public speakers, ministers included, are prone to use pet expressions which after a while weary the ears of their hearers. We have read of a pastor who made such frequent use of the word 'thus' that one of his laymen, wishing to teach the parson a kindly lesson, kept tally one Sabbath, and found that the preacher employed 'thus' sixty-seven times during the course of that one sermon. Repetitiousness of this sort is tedious. And it is not fair to any word in the English language to work it over-hours in such a fashion.—'N.Y. Observer.'

Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

General Latourette's first suspicion of danger was roused by finding that they had been driven in the wrong direction, while he in careless confidence had been chatting with his wife. In the moonlight, he could see the flashing of the waves and hear the murmur of the waters, and yet he knew he was not near his home, but at some less familiar part of the coast.

Calling out hastily to the coachman, the carriage came to a stand. General Latourette became aware that the horses had been cut loose, and he saw the fellow, pistol in hand, seated upon one of them.

In a few hurried words the negro told the danger of the moment, and pointed to a boat at the water-side, which offered to his master and mistress some hope of escape.

Did Mrs. Latourette forget her little ones in that hour of peril? No! She pleaded to go to them, if but to mingle her blood with theirs. The negro assured her they were already sleeping the sleep of death, and implored her to fly with her husband, while yet their lives might be saved.

Thus urged, they entered the little boat, and while the strong arms of the husband sustained the drooping wife, and guided the little skiff over the dark waters, the negro went his way to show the contents of the rided trunks, as proofs of the crime he had in reality shrunk from committing.

General Latourette and his wife reached a neighboring island in safety, but exiled for ever from their own dear home.

Sorrowful as the childless only can be, the world seemed to them suddenly robbed of its brightness; they could not have borne the trials of their lot but for the sustaining hand of the Father in heaven, in whom they had in the days of their prosperity learned to trust.

Several years of foreign travel in some measure recruited the failing health of General Latourette, and time had calmed the poignant grief of his wife. They had come to New York, hoping to have once more a home of their own, sorrowful though that home must be.

Bereaved and childless no more, with deep thankfulness they praised the God of heaven for his most unexpected mercies, and devoted themselves anew to his services.

As for Daph, their gratitude to her knew no bounds, and they felt that for her faithful services they could find no adequate reward on earth.

CHAPTER XV.

THE END.

General Latourette and his wife had once more a home of their own, made bright by the smiles of their affectionate children. At that home Rose Stuyvesant was received as a loved friend, and made a sharer in the pure joy she had assisted in laying up for the happy parents. There Diedrich Stuyvesant had been welcomed as an honored guest, and there Captain Jones had seen, in the united family, something which gave his kind heart more joy than did the warm expressions of great gratitude that were lavished upon him, or the more substantial favors that were bestowed with no stinted hand on the honest sailor. Even Mary Ray and her invalid, suffering mother experienced the cheering influence that flowed from that happy home, and felt that, although their lodgers were gone, they had in them still warm and powerful friends. In the midst of this grateful rejoicing was Daph forgotten? No. Among the loved and honored she was best loved and most cared for. In the neat room assigned to her was clustered every comfort that could smooth the declining years or cheer the humble spirit of the faithful negress. She prized each remembrance that made that room beautiful in her eyes; but dearest to her was the Bible with the golden clasps which lay on her table, placed there by her mistress, with words which filled the heart of Daph with tearful joy.

'Where is Daph this morning?' asked General Latourette at the breakfast table; 'I did not see her dear old face in the hall as I came down.'

'She is not awake yet,' said the wife. 'I told the children they must not arouse her. She must take her rest; her days of labor are over.'

'God grant that our work may be as well done,' said the father, solemnly.

Later in the day the children could not be kept from 'just looking at dear Daffy, even if she were asleep.'

The family party entered the quiet room. The sunbeams shone across the floor with cheerful light; but they were dark to the gaze of Daph, for she was beholding the unveiled glory of the Sun of Righteousness. The voice of earthly affection could wake her no more, for she had listened to the welcome of angels and heard the voice of her Saviour declare, 'Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord.'

Laugh and grow fat. The 'World Wide' Cartoon Number is a good spring tonic. Post paid to any address the world over, only 10 cents a copy. See Owl and Monkey advertisement elsewhere.

How the Heathen Worship.

(By Mrs. Herbert J. Humphrey, in 'Mission Dayspring.')

When we think of the people across the waters who have not yet received the light which comes with the gospel of Christ, a great wave of pity sweeps over us.

Perhaps we think there is not anything good in these heathen religions, but we are mistaken. Eminent students say that if a man could be true to all the teachings of Confucius he might lead a moral life. But man is human and cannot in his own strength live perfectly. Confucius offers no supreme God in whom to trust for help; man attempts to build a tower of strength for himself and—fails.

The religion of China is Confucianism. The people usually worship at the temples twice during each month. Let us enter one of these temples. We find it dark and gloomy, but we walk on and finally come to the great idol in whose honor the temple was erected. Temples are built for many gods; gods of war, mercy, peace, wealth, fire, sailors, thunder, etc. The goddess mother is the children's god and is supposed to watch over small folk and guard them from disease.

The children are first taught to worship her. See—here is a mother leading a sweet-faced little girl up before the great goddess; the mother bows and kneels before the idol, clasping her hands and thumping her head on the ground. The child has been told to follow her mother's movements, but she is afraid, and finally the mother has to talk with her and promise her a nice present when they reach home, before she too will worship the idol. The people also worship images of people who died hundreds of years ago as well as their own ancestors. They believe that after death they assume the shape of some animal and must be tortured before they can regain their own form. We can learn one thing at least from their religion, and that is to have greater respect for the aged.

Japan has four religions: Shintoism, Buddhism, Confucianism and Tenrikyo.

Shinto teaches ancestral worship. Its followers also believe that the whole duty of man is to give implicit obedience to the Mikado. Shinto writers claim that the Japanese were free from sin before the invasion of the foreigner.

When Buddhism was introduced many of the Shinto gods were appropriated for its followers. All their gods are secondary to the hotoke men who have reached perfection. Buddhism does not allow its believers to eat meat, and they are vegetarians in diet.

Tenrikyo is of recent origin. Its followers worship the sun and moon; they also believe in prayer and render praise and thanksgiving by dancing. Its teachers borrow material from Christian literature. The common people associate Tenrikyo with Christianity, and it is really far superior to all of their other religions.

A HINDU CHILD TAUGHT TO WORSHIP.

India like China has many gods, and everywhere in this country you see the sadu or sacred man, who receives alms the same as the gods. He looks neither good nor kind when you meet him; his body is hideously painted, and this is done to frighten you, and make you feel that if you don't put something into his outstretched hand he may call the wrath of some god down upon your head. The people make very long and tedious journeys to bathe in sacred streams and worship at various shrines. A mother often throws a child into the Ganges river to atone for some sin. They have twelve great feasts during the year.

The Turks are Mohammedans. They believe in one God and Mohammed his prophet. All the teachings of this prophet are contained in the Koran, though certain parts of the Bible are regarded as sacred. The Moslems are noted for their many prayers. You may come upon them in the attitude of prayer in the home, on the street, at their places of business. They have a certain devotion in which they recite the ninety-nine attributes of God, keeping count with balls on a coral string. A person who is not poor must give the fortieth part of his property to charity. We have all heard of the yearly pilgrimages to Mecca.

The races in the different parts of Africa differ widely in their forms of worship. The people are, for the most part, superstitious; they are greatly afraid of unseen goblins and of wizards, believing the latter will bewitch them. They wear charms to keep off harm and make presents to keep the spirits friendly.

The people of the Micronesian Islands while they do not worship idols, have religious feasts and dancing which are very degrading.

Let us thank God for the gift of the Lord Jesus and rejoice that we may all have a part in the carrying of the gospel to those who are sitting in darkness.

Christobel.

(A Story for Children, in 'Sunday at Home.')

(Continued.)

The flowers were so lovely. There were amongst them large lilies, white and red, and such roses of every color; and then there were delicate orchids, and all kinds of strange and wonderful plants and trees. There were orange-trees too, with their perfectly polished leaves and golden fruit; and the grass beneath her feet was like the softest velvet of emerald color, and the air was laden with rich and sweet scents.

But there was even better to come. The farther she walked the more the charm of it all seemed to hold her in a spell of happiness, and the song of the birds was something so exquisite that she stood with parted lips, gazing upwards, lost in wonder.

For awhile Christobel stood listening and looking and breathing in the sweetness of this glorious garden till presently she heard some one close to her say—

'Little Christobel! peace!'

She looked up and found an angel was standing beside her. There was something of Heaven's glory on his face, and something of the sun's shining in his hair.

'Oh!' Christobel murmured, 'how beautiful!'

The angel smiled upon her, and the smile sank deep into her heart. 'Where hast thou been to-day?' he asked gently, and his voice was soft and soothing to the ear, like the rippling murmur of a smoothly-flowing stream.

'I have been walking in this garden,' she replied.

'Before that?' the angel asked again.

Christobel stood and thought, but it was very difficult to remember. This new life had almost shut out the old life from her mind. She looked up again at the angel; he was still waiting beside her.

'I was in bed before I came here,' she said at last.

'And before that?' the angel asked once more.

Ah! now she remembered it all. The many things that had gone wrong; the tears, the grief, the disappointment and failure; and, as she thought, the tears came to her eyes and dimmed the shining of the garden and the beauteous angel-face before her; but he gently drew her to him and dried her tears and only said, 'Tell me!'

And so she told him all, and he understood and did not ask her to explain, and he did not cease to look kindly on her.

Yet Christobel felt all that she had to tell of was failure, and she seemed to have done nothing well. Even her fairest thoughts seemed old and ugly. The day had been a very wasted one; and again she wept; and as her tears fell on the ground at her feet, a beautiful flower appeared.

'See!' said the angel, 'thou may'st take this flower with thee.

HE ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE LED AWAY.

Its name is "Hope." Be not afraid, little Christobel. Come with me, and I will show thee how to grow happy in thinking of others.'

And as Christobel gazed into the clear pure eyes of the angel, she felt herself grow stronger, and he took her by the hand and led her on.

He led her out of the garden, and she seemed to have dropped into the old life again, for they were in the garden of her own home; and Christobel heard angry voices behind the hedge.

'You must give it to me, Dick; it's mine, not yours!'

'But I want it, Tom.' Chrissie recognized her baby brother's voice on the verge of tears. Her first idea was to run away, but the angel held her fast.

'Here!' he said softly, and he looked at her again with those clear, shining eyes, and Christobel understood and went boldly to the other side of the gate.

'Oh! Chrissie!' Dick said when he saw his sister; 'I want the horse.'

'And he shan't have it,' said Tom angrily.

'Tom, don't be angry,' Chrissie said. 'I will get another for Dick. Come along, Baby,' she said kindly, and the little brother, surprised that Chrissie should have taken any pains to help him, quickly forgot his trouble, and allowed himself to be led away. In the meantime, Tom forgot his ill-temper at sight of his sister's kind little face, and began to wish he had given up his toy.

As Chrissie walked towards the house with her little brother she told him of the angel, but he did not seem to understand when Christobel showed him to him. He could not see him, and yet he was close to little Christobel, still with the same sweet smile.

When little Christobel had finished her task of comforting Dick, the angel called her again. He had other things for her to do—things which, somehow, she had not thought of before, but which seemed easy with that loving friend beside her to help her. First he led her into the garden again, where two brothers and a sister wanted a fourth for a game.

'It's no use asking Chrissie,' she heard them say, 'she never will come when she's wanted.'

'But I will!' Chrissie answered with a bright smile, and they were sorry they had let her hear what they said; and though she was very tired after running about a great deal, she was very happy to think she had been wanted.

And then the angel took her away to the house and to the schoolroom, where her governess was sitting alone. As the angel gently pushed the little girl into the room, she noticed how tired her governess looked, and how lonely she seemed to be with no one to talk to her.

(To be continued.)

The owl and the monkey put their heads together. The owl was wise and the monkey was comical. For pure fun the 'World Wide' Cartoon Number cannot be surpassed. Sent post paid for 10 cents a copy. See illustrated advertisement.

LESSON II.—APRIL 10.

Peter Confesses the Christ.

Mark viii., 27-38.

Golden Text.

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. Matthew xvi., 16.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 4.—Mark viii., 27-38.
Tuesday, April 5.—John vi., 60-71.
Wednesday, April 6.—Luke xviii., 24-34
Thursday, April 7.—Matt. xi., 20-30.
Friday, April 8.—I. Cor. ii., 1-16.
Saturday, April 9.—II. Tim. ii., 1-15.
Sunday, April 10.—Matt. xvi., 13-28.

27. And Jesus went out, and his disciples, into the towns of Caesarea, Philippi: and by the way he asked his disciples, saying unto them, Whom do men say that I am?

28. And they answered, . . . John the Baptist: but some say, Elias; and others, One of the prophets.

29. And he saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Peter answereth and saith unto him, Thou are the Christ.

30. And he charged them that they should tell no man of him.

31. And he began to teach them, that the Son of man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and of the chief priests, and . . . scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again.

32 And he spake that saying openly. And Peter took him, and began to rebuke him.

33. But when he had turned about and looked on his disciples, he rebuked Peter, . . . saying, Get thee behind me, Satan: for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men.

34. And when he had called . . the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

35. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.

36. For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

37. Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

38 . . . whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man . . . be ashamed . . . when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

We are gradually approaching the close of our Lord's life upon earth. In this and recent lessons we study events within less than a year of the crucifixion. In the passage considered to-day Christ and the disciples are at Caesarea Philippi, a town about twenty miles north of the Sea of Galilee and near Mt. Hermon. The place is now known as Banias.

In this lesson we find Christ instructing his disciples, and also extending his teaching to include the people about him. His instruction covered the subject of his own personality, his approaching death, and also the application of this principle of self sacrifice to the lives of men and women.

This lesson is full of spiritual teaching. Don't be content with the bare facts and records. Seek the fullest significance of every verse. Passages of Scripture are like mines of precious ore, the deeper we explore them the more richly do they repay the effort. Read also Matthew xvi., 13-28, and Luke viii., 18-27.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 27, 28. 'Whom do men say that I am?' As the Lord and his disciples were on the way from Bethsaida to Caesarea Philippi, he asked them a question. Notice that he did not here ask for their belief touching himself, but for the opinions of men in general. Luke says his question was, 'Who do the multitudes say that I am?' He had been so long teaching and performing miracles among men that, by this time, they would begin to have certain pronounced ideas concerning his identity. What had all his work amounted to, as it impressed the masses?

The answers of his disciples indicate the uncertainty of those who had been mere spectators. He was to them John the Baptist, Elijah, or 'one of the prophets.' Somehow, there is a wonderful difference between spiritual spectators and true disciples. God does not reveal himself to the unwilling and careless as he does to those who diligently seek him. You will remember that, on one occasion, when there came a voice from Heaven speaking in response to an utterance of Christ, some who stood by thought that it thundered, others supposed an angel spoke to him. People will live all their lives in one community, attend the same church, and share the same Christian environment, yet some will advance far beyond others in their spiritual perceptions of things.

29, 30. 'But whom say ye that I am?' Having heard what the multitudes thought, he turns to those who were closest to him, and had had the opportunity of close conversation with him, enjoying his plainest and fullest teachings. It is Peter, the tempestuous and impulsive, that answers for all, 'Thou art the Christ.' Matthew more fully states that Peter said, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.' He was recognized by this little company about him as the long expected Messiah.

Christ at once forbids the disciples to publish this truth. This may seem strange at first thought, but we see upon a little study that the people at large would misunderstand him, and might create an uproar in their attempt to elevate him to a temporal throne. Not only so, but Christ's mission was not yet accomplished. Even his disciples did not yet comprehend what was before him, and it would not have been wise to allow anything to tempt men to render him royal honors, when the shadow of the Cross was lying across his way. The time had not yet come for his assumption of his sway over this old earth.

31-33. 'And he began to teach them, that the Son of man must suffer many things.' Matthew says, 'From that time began Jesus to show,' etc. Peter had just acknowledged that Christ was the Son of God. It might be natural then for the disciples to look for continually increasing manifestations of power and glory, until all the world was at his feet, but Jesus checks any such mistaken hopes, by beginning to teach his great sacrifice for the sins of the world, though he shows that he will not only die but rise again. This he said openly, that is, without any figurative or obscure language.

Peter cannot yet grasp the sad things Christ has just said about his sufferings and death. He, in his zeal for his Master's honor and safety, presumes to rebuke him for foretelling such events. But Christ promptly checked his over zealous follower with a sharp reprimand. His reference to Peter is 'Satan' does not mean that the disciple was really Satan or willingly doing the work of Satan, but his words were akin to Satan's own suggestions in the time of temptation, and for the moment Peter, though unconsciously, was voicing Satanic thoughts.

The plans of God are not the plans of men, and Peter had not yet risen above worldly ideas about the mission of Christ upon earth. Thousands to-day, in their so-called Christian teaching and preaching, savor of the things of men.

34-38. 'Whosoever will.' Christ has been talking to his disciples, about his work, but now he calls the people around him, and speaks to them of their duty. Whosoever will follow him must deny himself. The one seeking to save his life to enjoy life, to make the most of the world for himself, shall lose it. But whosoever gives up his earthly opportunities and joys for Christ, shall find life and joy everlasting. How many of us to-day really give up anything for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, out of our love and devotion to him? Are you personally making any sacrifices?

'What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' is Christ's solemn question to us all to-day. With every one the hour comes when all earthly hopes and plans and joys must be laid aside forever. What shall we have then to show for our lives as Christians? To go further, what hope have we concerning eternity?

The time to bear witness for Christ is to-day. In this very cold, materialistic age, when men are seeking money, and power, and knowledge, and fame, and pleasure—this is the very time when Christ's true witnesses are called upon to endure, for the sake of testifying for him, the contemptuous wonder of friends, the sneers of scoffers, and the scorn and hatred of evil doers. In the presence of these things is your silence a mark of your shame over your faith in Christ? Read verse 38 thoughtfully and prayerfully.

The lesson for April 17 is, 'Jesus Transfigured,' Mark ix., 2-13.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 10.—Topic—How the world's standards conflict with Christ's. Matt. v., 43-48; I. John ii., 15-17.

Junior C. E. Topic.

GOD'S PROMISES.

Monday, April 4.—Lot taken prisoner. Gen. xiv., 8-12.

Tuesday, April 5.—The rescue. Gen. xiv., 13-16.

Wednesday, April 6.—Abram's return from battle. Gen. xiv., 17-24.

Thursday, April 7.—God's promise to Abram. Gen. xii., 2.

Friday, April 8.—God's promise to Moses. Ex. iii., 12.

Saturday, April 9.—A promise for you. I. Cor. ii., 9.

Sunday, April 10.—Topic—God's promises. Gen. xv., 5, 6; II. Cor. i., 20.

It is wonderful how much one person can accomplish who is really in earnest. The story is told of a young Negro who had spent two years in a mission school, and who was one of the dullest scholars. The teachers thought no more about him when he left, but a few years afterward one of them chanced to learn that this same stupid young man had transformed the whole neighborhood of his home into a little Christian community. He had seemed a dull scholar, but he had learned how to help others, and his earnestness and love had influenced one after another of his old associates to lead a better life.—'Congregationalist.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Laughing at Shame.

Dr. G. H. R. Dubbs, in treating of an aspect of drunkenness, lays stress on the fact that people laugh at this vice when they ought to be disgusted and ashamed. 'I was once speaking to a man,' he says, 'who held the record of police convictions for drunkenness. He was a gentleman born, and had been a great athlete. I met him in a prolonged parenthesis of sobriety and I believe his brain-cells were at the time he conversed with me fairly free from alcoholic soakage. He said: "Depend upon it, the habit that society has of treating drunkenness as a comic incident has something to say in the matter of how the drunkard is led to regard it." I have often thought over this phrase, and not always with absolute equanimity. I took up an old volume of an illustrated comic paper the other day, and I found allusion after allusion to drunkenness, and always from the laughable side.'

To which add what Dr. John Watson says, also with regard to England: That while the richer classes have become more temperate and consume less liquor, the total quantity consumed per head of the population has not diminished, but increased in the last fifty years. It is calculated that the average English working-class family spends six shillings per week on drink, or about a quarter of their wages. If that six shillings could be withdrawn from the till of the publican and spent on bread and clothes, plenty could be brought to the working classes at once. Sixty-three percent of the crime of the kingdom and seventy-five percent of the pauperism was attributed to intemperance, and the direct deaths from alcoholism have largely increased both among men and women.—'The Cross.'

The Cigarette and the Coming Man.

WHY A BOY SHOULD ABSTAIN FROM SMOKING.

Efforts are just now being made to induce boys to abstain from cigarette smoking. Perhaps, however, some boys, while they would not yield to the habit, have only a hazy idea as to why it is injurious. Therefore, the five reasons set out below will be of service.

1. Cigarette smoking lessens the natural appetite for food, and injures digestion. The boy who smokes has a bad digestion and a poor appetite. Because of this interference with appetite and digestion, the food is not properly digested and assimilated, cellular activity is checked, and the growth and development of the body seriously interfered with by this early poisoning.

2. It seriously affects the nervous system. The rush of blood to the head, the dizziness, the unsteady beating of the heart, the distressing dreams—all show how seriously is the nervous system affected. This effect on the nervous system is sufficient to produce the most marked changes in the mental activity.

3. It lowers the moral tone. Boys who would not tell a lie on any other matter, not for a fortune, our best and noblest boys, do not seem to hesitate a moment to tell any kind of a falsehood in order to keep from their parents the fact that they are smoking cigarettes. They hide the cigarettes. They smoke them away from home. They try in every way to conceal the truth. Indeed, they will do all manner of things in order to deceive those who are nearest and dearest to them.

4. It creates a craving for strong drink. The hot smoke from the cigarette tends to make the mouth and throat dry, and creates a peculiar sinking sensation in the stomach. Water may temporarily relieve this dryness, and may temporarily check the sinking sensation. But with the moral tone lowered, and the mental power weakened, the desire to yield to the first temptation is strengthened, because of the flimsy excuse that the boy must have something to wet his throat. And so it goes on, from bad to worse. In other words, the boy who smokes more easily accepts an invitation to a 'treat' than one who does not smoke.

5. It is a filthy and offensive habit. No matter how stealthily the boy may do his work, sooner or later his clothing becomes saturated with the odor of tobacco. One of the most inexplicable things in this world is that a well-dressed, highly-accomplished young lady will sit by the side of a young man in a railway carriage, or will walk by his side in the street, and submit to inhaling this most offensive odor—bad at all times, but, of course, increased a thousandfold when the smoking machine is in full operation.

An article of this kind would not be complete without a reference to the good work done by the International Anti-cigarette League, which has now 21,350 members as a result of two years' work. The headquarters of the League are at 57 and 59 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.—The 'Christian Age.'

An Unwelcome Memory.

In the midst of my thoughts and meditations this morning there came up, like Banquo's ghost, the vision of a scene that occurred sixty years ago. It was a scene that I did not love to recall—one that I would have buried beyond all possibility of resurrection if I could. But there it was, as fresh and vivid as if it had happened yesterday. Under sudden excitement I lost my self-control. I said and did what was foolish and wrong. I was sorry for it soon after. I repented of it, and believe that I was forgiven. But repentance and forgiveness could not keep the photograph from taking its place in memory's gallery, for nothing that we say or do or see or hear is ever absolutely forgotten. Some one has compared the human memory to a file of newspapers. They are piled up one upon another, day after day. Only the latest is in sight. But by turning over the file you can find any page or column that you want to read over again. This turning over we call recollection. We can often recall the past by an effort of the will, though quite as often we try and fail. And then there is a law that we call association. It seems that in some way there are wires running through the file and connecting the different items. If you touch one of these wires it may bring up some long past event.

And I find this illustration in a book of anecdotes:

A painter, famous for his delineations of natural scenery, domestic life and battle scenes, was compelled, by ill-health, to give over his work and seek rest in the country. There he grew worse, and in his delirium he described the several scenes and groups he had studied and portrayed. His room became a chamber of imagery, on whose walls all the studies and paintings of his life re-appeared. What he had contemplated, conceived and forgotten, reappeared under the influence of disease. What pictures of earthly scenes will the day of judgment bring before the mind, which will justify the decision of the righteous Judge!

Good old Thomas Fuller, who died in 1661, contends that it is easier to remember and recall the evil things that we do and hear than the good ones. His words are:

Almost twenty years since I heard a profane jest, and still remember it. How many pious passages of far later date have I forgotten! It seems my soul is like a filthy pond wherein fish die soon and frogs live long. Lord, raze this profane jest out of my memory. Leave not a letter thereof behind, lest my corruption (an apt scholar) guess it out again; and be pleased to write some pious meditation in the place thereof. And grant, Lord, for the time to come (because such bad guests are easier kept out), that I may be careful to not to admit what I find so difficult to expel.

Let us all join in this prayer for divine help in keeping the memory pure.—Senex Smith, in 'Journal.'

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
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'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of March 19, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER

England's Greatness—'Colliers' Weekly,' New York.
Mr. Lyttelton and Chinese Labor—The 'Pilot,' London.
Sir William Harcourt's Retirement; A Character Sketch—By Harold Spender, in the 'Daily News,' London.
New Inspector-General—Duke of Connaught—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Royal Treasury—The 'Standard,' London.
The King at Cambridge—Special Correspondence of the Daily News, London.
The Mormon Uprising—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Tsar and the Czarina—Public Opinion, London.
The Man Who Made Japan—'I cannot live for Myself but for my People'—St. James's Gazette, London.
The Hermit Kingdom—T. P., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
A Fallen Statesman—The Corean Minister for War—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Japanese Proverbs and Sayings.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Pianos Past and Present—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Busy Child—Song, by Josephine Preston Peabody.
'In the Night of Heariness'—Poem, by Christian Burke, in the 'Sunday Magazine.'
A Lenten Thought; The Blurred Vision—The 'Outlook,' New York.
Ancient Greek Religion—By Gilbert Murray, in the 'Speaker,' London.
An Excursion in Higher Criticism—The Ethical Beatings of Tiddledy-winks—By Frank Crane, D.D., in the 'Independent,' New York.
The Kirkyard School of Poetry—The 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
The Personality of Hawthorne—By William Dean Howells, in the 'North American Review.'
The Silent Places of Canada: The Forest—St. James's Gazette,' London.
The Citizen Exiled—The 'Spectator,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Consumption—Dr. De Pianzoles' Book—The 'Literary World,' London.
The Ideal Physician—'American Medicine.'
The Sun's Heat and Our Seasons—The New York 'Herald.'
'We are all of us Fond of Quotations,' Indian-English—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
New Kindergarten Methods—'Punch,' London.
Science Notes.

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Correspondence

THE ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—Already the question has arisen as to a badge for the members of the Royal League of Kindness. One of you has written suggesting a bit of white satin ribbon with the initials of the League painted on it in light blue. Some of you would like that, I am sure, but some would not; and though the girls might be pleased to wear such a badge, the boys would rather not. Then the question of enamel pins arises, but here, again, there is a difficulty. There are some whom we wish to have join the League who could not very well spare the few cents that such a pin would cost. As the one object of the League is to promote kindness, we can allow no obstacle to be put in the way of any one who wishes to join; therefore, there is no membership fee and no call of any kind for money.

But, as it is quite true that a badge helps one to remember one's pledge, we would suggest the wearing of a badge in perfect keeping with the spirit of the League, the badge of a bright and sunshiny face. I do not know of any deed of kindness more appreciated by the world than the wearing of a bright and happy face; and a kind smile is the best index to a kind heart. The badge, therefore, is to be worn on every face, and the pledge to be carried in every heart bound together in the Royal League.

We will be glad to have you write what you think about the League, and about your efforts to keep the rules. We are also glad to have you get others to join; you may send in names on a postcard, if you wish, of those who join the League by promising to observe the following rules:

To speak kindly to others.
To speak kindly of others.
To think kind thoughts.
To do kind deeds.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

One of our little friends asks how to secure one of the Bagster Bibles which several correspondents mention having received. Send the names of four new subscribers to the 'Messenger,' with one dollar and twenty cents (being 30 cents for each). Then each of the subscribers will receive the 'Messenger' for one year and you will receive the Bible.

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

Katie B. McDonald.
Bessie Douglass.
Hazel Brown.
Morton McMichael.
Samuel Wismer.
Nancy Wismer.
Grace M. Johnston.
Flora Violet Atkinson.
Bessie B. McGee.
Lillian I. McGee.
Annie Pringle.
Annetta Cook.
Estella Hayward.
Abbie Spafford.
Hattie V. Borrowman.
Gertrude Dresser.
Christina Gilchrist.
Thomas Gilchrist.
Lillian Euretta Cunningham.
Robert Scott.
Edith Scott.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

Clara Godard, Nellie Bailey, E. C. R., Violet Graybeil, Harry W. Graham, Nan I. McGlashan, Alvah Carter, Mabel McGee, Georgina Jefferson, Georgina Morrison, James Warren York, Orris Dawson, Winnie J. Wallace, Clifford D., Roy C. B., Archie McQuarrie, Lila Craig, Marguerite G., Libbie Steinberg, Russel Richardson, Aggie Bailey, Nettie Transe, E. M. Nesbit, Annie J. McAuley, Wesley McAuley, Ella M. Corbett, Edna May Ruthven, Lizzie May M., E. M. M., Mary Gillies, Lewis A. H., Ida Buckland, Glenn Stewart, Ianthe Shupe, L. N. O., Gertrude A. L., Irene McKenzie, Stanley R. Hayne, John Pangras, N. F. M., Raymond S., Fred. Petero, Thos. R., L. E. Cunningham, Hilliard D., Richard Mann, Bessie C. McBain, Stella Sander, Bethesda Bristow, Ida Freethy, Job Adams, M. G. R., Lily Rodway, Jennie J. S., Ruthie B., Hanford Burney, Hattie Maltby, Laura Yake, Katie May Mackintosh, Belle Stevenson, Jessie Rollins, Gertrude T., Bruce Marshall, George Davison, Maggie B. P., Florence Irene W., Tommie Izzard, Ethel R. Craft.

THE BIRTHDAY BOOK.

We are sorry for the disappointment of those who sent in their names too late for the March birthday book. We hope all April names will be sent in before the first of April, and we want all the May names to be sent in before April 25.

New Liskeard, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have just finished reading about the new society you have started. I think it is a good idea, and I would like to join. I am sure all the other 'Messenger' readers will, too. This will be my third year for taking the 'Messenger.' and I do not know how I could do without it now. We live on a farm fourteen miles from New Liskeard. I belonged to the Band of Hope and Mission Band when we were in town, but there are not enough here to have either. Wishing the 'Messenger' and the R. L. of K. every success,

ANNETTA C.

Kincardine, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was born in Manitoba, and came here three years ago to live on the old homestead, which is two miles and a half from the town of Kincardine, which my grandpa settled on fifty-three years ago. The town is situated on the shore of Lake Huron. It is a very pretty summer resort, and people come from a distance to spend their holidays by the lake. There are two furniture factories, a grist mill, a foundry and a number of stores. I have one brother and one sister, my brother being in South Africa. He went there three years ago. My papa takes the 'Weekly Witness' and 'Northern Messenger.' I think the story of 'Daph' very interesting; also the Editor's letters.

JAMES MacL. (aged 10).

Froatburn.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly five years, and think it the best paper in the world. The stories are interesting. I have no brothers or sisters, and we live with my grandfather on a farm. My grandfather is the biggest man that I ever saw; he weighs three hundred pounds. I would like to have my name in your birthday book. I am eight years old. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,

BLANCHE B.

McAlpine, Ont.

Dear Editor,—On Saturdays, after I get my work done, I have fine fun coasting on the steep hill behind our barn. We lived in Manitoba about five years. I liked to live out there and see the big wheat fields; but it was very cold in the winter, sometimes forty or fifty degrees below zero. We did not have as deep snow there as we have here. The snow would pack hard, and I could walk on the snow to school, and sometimes a team could go on it. The people had to go a long way to get wood—often ten or fifteen miles. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success.

FREDDIE C. (aged 11).

Salmon Point, Ont.

Dear Editor,—In the 'Northern Messenger,' dated Feb. 12, you invited your readers to join the 'Royal League of Kindness,' so I have concluded to do so. I think that it is a good idea. When Ethel M. A., of New Brunswick, wrote a letter to this paper a long time ago, she said she wondered if any little girl's birthday was on the same date as her own, Nov. 26. Although I am not little, my birthday is on that very same date. She said she was eleven; I am four years older than that. I have one sister, Mary. She is is in Picton, sewing. My little brother, Alva, died when he was three years old. If he had lived he would have been nineteen now, while Mary is older. Picton is our nearest town. The great evangelists, Crossley and Hunter, were there a few weeks ago. My favorite pastimes are reading and music. I am taking music lessons now. At what age do we have to stop writing to this paper? I suppose you have got tired of me by this time, so I will say good-by, but will always remain your admiring reader,

ABBIE S.

Buckingham.

Dear Editor,—Miss Josephine, of Mulgrave, gave us quite a lecture about so many of us writing about our pets, did she not? My memory gem is something like hers:

'Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us.
But how much better if by spells
They should see us as we see oursels.'

Her letter is very nice; but everyone does not think the same as she does. I cannot give my favorite flower, because all flowers are so pretty, I cannot say which I like best. Lilies of the Valley, narcissus, forget-me-nots and violets are exceedingly pretty. I am very fond of music and reading. One of my sisters is a beautiful player.

A large fire occurred in the business part of Buckingham a short time ago. A few dwelling-houses were burned, too. They were unable to check the progress of the fire owing to a deficiency in the waterworks. Mother and father have just returned from visiting friends in Niagara, Buffalo, Solway and Syracuse. Both are much improved in health.

I hope Miss Josephine will write soon again. Believe me to be your sincere well wisher,

HILDA.

Elmo, Que.

Dear Editor,—I sent you four subscribers for the 'Northern Messenger,' and I received a lovely Bagster Bible. for which I wish to thank you very much. I gave it to my sister Flossie for a Christmas present. She carries it to Sunday-school each Sunday. She is eight years old. It was so long in coming, that I grew impatient, for which I want you to excuse me. Our Sunday-school teacher has formed a Junior C. E. Society, and my sister and I belong to it. We meet every Sunday at three o'clock. I hope that every one of us will strive to please God by doing what he wants us to. We moved up here from Buctouche, N.B. It is a lovely place, and we live right near the school. On Wednesday, Feb. 10, our school was burned to the ground. We think a tramp set the fire. It seems too bad, as we came here on purpose to be near the school. My grandma and grandpa are in Buctouche yet. My papa is dead. We all like the 'Messenger' very much.

MAMIE McC. (aged 9).

Fredonia, Chaut. Co., N.Y.

Dear Editor,—We live about a mile from Lake Erie, and it is very cold in winter, because we get the winds off the lake; but it is very nice here in summer. I have two sisters and four brothers. I am the youngest in the family. I was twelve years of age on June 11 last. For pets I have two cats, two kittens and a parrot. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,

MARY ETTA S.

Ten cents worth of pure fun—the 'World Wide' Cartoon Number. See illustrated advertisement.

AS A BEACON LIGHT!

Vitæ-Ore points the way for storm-tossed sufferers to a haven of Health and Comfort. If you have been drifting in a sea of sickness and disease, toward the rocks and shoals of Chronic Invalidism, Port your helm ere it be too late; take heed to the message of Hope and Safety which it flashes to you; stop drifting about in a helpless, undecided manner, first on one course and then another, but begin the proper treatment immediately, and reach the goal you are seeking by the route so many have travelled with success. Every person who has used Vitæ-Ore is willing to act as a pilot for you; each knows the way from having followed it; attend their advice, follow the light, and be cured as they have. Can you afford to disregard it?

SENT ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

You Are to be the Judge!

READ OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

WE WILL SEND to every reader of **'THE NORTHERN MESSENGER,'** or worthy person recommended by a subscriber or reader, a full-sized **One Dollar** package of **VITÆ-ORE,** by mail, **post-paid,** sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. **Read** this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only **when it has done you good and not before.** We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you you pay us nothing. **Vitæ-Ore** is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral—**Ore**—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidation. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as **Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration and General Debility,** as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. **Vitæ-Ore** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

Vitæ-Ore will do the same for you as it has done for hundreds of readers of **'THE NORTHERN MESSENGER'** if you will give it a trial. **Send for a $1 package at our risk.** You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. **We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge!** Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try **Vitæ-Ore** on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. **We mean just what we say** in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention **'THE NORTHERN MESSENGER,'** so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

ITS CURES ARE PERMANENT.

It Isn't the Medicine Which Does You SOME GOOD Which Counts, But the Medicine THAT CURES! Vitæ-Ore is That Kind! It Cures, and its Cures Are Permanent! THIS PROVES IT!

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.—I had Rheumatism and Dyspepsia very bad for three years, and during that time tried most of the remedies advertised for these troubles. Vitæ-Ore was finally recommended to me as being just the thing for my complaint. I used two packages, which cured me COMPLETELY. That was eight years ago, and the trouble has never returned.
W. T. YULL.

NOT A PENNY UNLESS BENEFITED.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pain, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. **Address**

THEO. NOEL, - - - Geologist,

N. M. DEPT., Yonge and Temperance Streets, - - - - TORONTO, ONT.

Pain Was Unbearable.

So Writes Vincent J. Harrington, of Egmont Bay, P.E.I., One of the Thousands in Canada Whom Vitæ-Ore Has Cured of

Serious Kidney Troubles.

THOUSANDS of people have pain in the back and wonder why; it's there, but they don't know what causes it, and rub the back with liniments and apply porous plasters, but it's still there, and keeps there until the sufferer awakes to the fact that the trouble is in the Kidneys, and uses the right medicine for such a trouble, as did Mr. Harrington. The doctors have many ways of telling if the patient's kidneys are working right and normally; they can prove by analysis, by examination of sediment, whether or not there is any irregularity. It does not need this, however, to tell to a sufferer that the fault's in the kidneys. The dull, aching pain in the small of the back, the sharp, terrible sensation when arising from a stooping posture, the heavy, dragged-down feeling when standing long in one position, are all signs that read plainly and point surely to trouble in these organs, a trouble that must be treated promptly and effectively. That Vitæ-Ore provides such a treatment the following letter from Mr. Vincent J. Harrington, of Egmont Bay, P.E.I., will demonstrate beyond the shadow of doubt or any possible denial.

Read What He Says:

EGMONT BAY, P.E.I.

Words fail me to tell how I have suffered, and what Vitæ-Ore has done for me. It has cured me of Kidney Trouble after being a sufferer for several years. My back and kidneys were so sore that if I were to work five minutes in a stooping posture it would take me three minutes to straighten up again, and the pain was almost unbearable. I am now as strong in the back and vigorous and full of vim as I was at 16 years, and I give thanks to Vitæ-Ore for the great change.

VINCENT J. HARRINGTON.

If your kidneys are causing you any uneasiness; if you fear trouble in these organs, DO NOT DELAY, but begin the treatment immediately with this natural curing and healing Ore. It is NATURE'S SPECIFIC for all irregularities of the vital organs, for every trouble in the physical forces, a specific which works in a rational, prompt and efficient manner that no other medicine or combination of medicines can duplicate.

Send for a Package on 30 Days' Trial.

HOUSEHOLD.

Enjoy as You Go.

Some people mean to have a good time when their hard work is done—say at fifty. Others plan to enjoy themselves when their children are grown up. Others mean to take their pleasure when they get to be rich, or when their business is built upon a sure foundation, or the farm is paid for, or the grind of some particular sorrow is overpast.

Such persons might as well give up ever having a good time. The season of delight, which is so long waited and hoped for, too rarely comes. Disease, poverty, death, claim each his victims. The lives of those whom we love, or our own, go out, and what is left?

Then take your pleasure to-day, while there is yet time. Things may not be in the best shape for that visit you have been so long planning to make your only sister. It might be better if you could wait till you had a more stylish suit of clothes, or till the boy was at home from college to look after the place, but she is ready now. You are both growing old—you had better go.

John drives round with the horse. 'Just jump in, mother,' he says. 'It is a lovely day. You need the fresh air.' Don't say, 'I can't go—I was intending to make some cakes,' or 'My dress isn't changed.' Put on your warm coat, tie a veil around your hat and take your ride. If you don't take such things when you can get them, they are apt to be missing when you want them again.

Don't say, 'I shall be glad when that child is grown up! What quantities of trouble he makes!' No, enjoy his cunning ways; revel in his affectionate hugs and kisses—they will not be so plentiful by and by. Enjoy his childhood. It will look sweet to you when it is gone forever.

Enjoy the little of every day. The great favors of fortune come to but few, and those who have them tell us that the quiet and homely joys that are within the reach of us all are infinitely the best. Then let us not cast them away, but treasure every sunbeam and get all the light and warmth from it that the blessing holds.—'Family Herald.'

Home Nursing.

(Amelia E. Graessle, in 'Union Signal.')

The most essential of the very many things that should be observed in the care of the sick, are the proper ventilation and light of the sick-room. First and foremost, a sick room should always be on the sunny side or southern exposure and as far from the sitting-room and kitchen as possible, to avoid the noise of the house, and the odor of cooking. An ideal room would have two or three windows, a bed (iron preferred), a dresser, a few plain chairs and a plain table. The room should be thoroughly cleaned two or three times a week by scrubbing the floor, and woodwork. The furniture may be cleaned by making a suds of Ivory soap and using a soft cotton cloth or soft hair brush, and then polishing with a cotton cloth or a chamois skin. In sweeping the room, the raising of dust may be prevented by simply pinning a cloth round the broom. In dusting, use a damp cloth to prevent the dust from flying.

In making the bed, if it is necessary to use a rubber sheet, a draw-sheet should be placed over it, which is done by folding a sheet in the middle and tucking in on both sides. In case no rubber sheet is available, clean newspapers will answer the purpose, and afterwards they may be destroyed. The linen should be changed on the sick bed every day, and the soiled linen and other wash material should at once be removed from the room. If the room is a large one, a constant current of fresh air may be obtained by lowering one of the windows from the top. If the room is small and communicates with another room by a door, throw open the window in the adjoining room, leaving the door open between. When there is only a small bedroom, the air may be kept pure by opening the window a little way and placing a screen before it. The patient should be well covered. A screen may be improvised by taking a sheet and throwing it over a clothes-rack or by simply opening an umbrella and placing it before the patient's face. Open the window wide, and air thoroughly. As the room becomes warm, remove the extra covering.

In ventilating the sick room great care must be taken to prevent the patient from taking cold, and draughts must be carefully avoided.

Scarlet fever, diphtheria and pneumonia patients need plenty of fresh air. No greater mistake exists than to keep these patients in close, warm rooms.

The room must be supplied with a thermometer. In fever cases it should read 65 degrees F.; and in lung diseases, 70 degrees F.

The Old Bottle.

Get me out the bottle, wife,
  It is our time to take
The nightly drink of the Ore of Life,
  The Brew of God's own Make,
That keeps our blood in action still,
  E'en though our bones are old,
That helps us carry out God's will,
  Though the ashes of life grow cold.

You and I know what it be,
  Though some there are who mock,
We know what it's done for you and me,
  This Ore, this Earth-born rock,
That lifted you up from a siege like death,
  When the night all around was black.
That carried me through like an Angel's breath
  When my hold on life seemed slack.

'Twas full five years ago, wife,
  That time of trouble and pain,
When we thought no power could win the strife
  Nor life in our bodies retain,
But came a rift in the clouds, wife,
  When Vitae-Ore to us was brought,
Hope again in our bosoms was rife,
  To win the struggle bravely fought.
You and I know how we did win,
  How drink after drink we took,
And with each draught gave thanks to Him

As the pangs of disease us forsook,
And since that time with each Moon-rise
  We've taken the nightly dose,
A Homage to it and the All-wise,
  And so we shall till we close.

A full-sized One Dollar package of Vitae-Ore—the Ore of Life—will be sent on thirty days' trial to every reader of this paper who requests it. Read the offer made in this issue by the proprietor, Theo. Noel, Geologist, of Toronto, Ont.

Selected Recipes.

Bread Dumplings.—Soak stale bread in cold water for fifteen minutes then squeeze as dry as possible. To each pint add two tablespoonfuls of milk, one well-beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one-half of a teaspoonful of sugar and sufficient flour to make of such consistence that the mixture will not fall apart when a small spoonful is dropped into boiling water. Have the water slightly salted and boiling vigorously. Test a spoonful or two of the mixture. When of the right consistence drop a number of spoonfuls at a time into the water and cook for five minutes. Lift out with a skimmer and arrange in a dish, keeping them hot over water or in the open oven until all are done. Serve as a course at luncheon accompanied by stewed fruit.

PATENT REPORT.

Following is a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Nos. 85,661, George Bryar, St. John, N. B., joint for lead pipe; 85,663, Albert L. Mowry, St. John, N.B., lock nut; 85,684, Stanislas M. Barre, Winnipeg, Man., apparatus for pasteurizing or keeping cream and milk; 85,686, Jas. C. Anderson, Victoria, B.C., preserving jar; 85,695, Edward F. Wilson, Elkhorn, Man., fruit harvester; 85,773, Richard L. Myres, Winnipeg, Man., fence construction; 85,880, James T. Griffith, Lachute Mills, Que., carding machine attachment; 85,933, Fred. E. Woodworth, Grafton, N.S., saw-mill feed; 85,935, Alexander Murray, Golspie, Ont., gate latch.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c per copy.

The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City), Nfld., U. S. and its Colonies, Great Britain, New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar, Hong Kong, Cyprus, Fiji, Jamaica, Malta, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibraltar.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above add 50c a copy postage.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

BOYS AND GIRLS ALL OVER CANADA can make money easily. See money-making prize winning Owl and Monkey competition picture elsewhere in this paper.

FREE TO SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The 'Messenger' is at once the cheapest and most interesting paper published of its kind.

The Subscription rate for Sabbath school clubs is only twenty cents a year.

If your school already takes another paper, perhaps some particular class would try the 'Northern Messenger.' The 'Messenger' stories would prove a real incentive to regular attendance and would be helpful in every home the paper entered.

Our experience is that if one class gets it the whole school will order it before long. The circulation of the 'Northern Messenger' has grown with leaps and bounds, numbering to-day over sixty thousand copies a week.

Superintendents or teachers may have it on trial for four consecutive weeks, **FREE OF CHARGE**, in sufficient numbers to give a copy to each family represented.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

Just Out:
The 'World Wide' CARTOON NUMBER.
Ten cents a copy.
Stamps accepted.

Containing over One Hundred Comic Sketches and a War Map.
Also a Coupon worth Twenty-five Cents.

(Being one-third of a subscription to 'World Wide' to January, 1905. See foot note.)

AGENTS

Commissions and Prizes.

AGENTS WANTED in every county throughout Canada and elsewhere. Agents get 60 percent profits in cash, and may earn really valuable prizes, such as organs, bicycles, gold watches and libraries, aggregating hundreds of dollars.

Anyone—even boys and girls after school hours, could sell twelve copies of the Magazine of 'World Wide' Cartoons in a single hour.

12 copies sold at 10c each	$1.20
12 copies cost the agent	.50
Leaving a profit to agent	.70

This in itself would be good pay for a couple of hours of pleasant work. But, besides this, there is the opportunity of winning valuable prizes as follows:—

PRIZES FOR THREE DOZEN.

To the agent who sells the first three dozen in his or her county will be given over and above the profit of $2.10 in cash, one of our splendid FOUNTAIN PENS or a watch, or books of the value of $1.50 to $2.00.

PRIZES FOR BIGGEST LIST.

Besides the rewards just mentioned, really fine bicycles, organs, gold watches, or books of equal value will be awarded to those sending in the largest lists.

One such prize for village competitors.
One such prize for town competitors.
One such prize for city competitors.

It will be seen at a glance that these prizes will be worth working for—and they will be carefully selected and of really good value.

The edition is now on the press and orders will be filled in rotation as received.

It will be quite safe for anyone to send for three dozen, enclosing therefor $1.50, which, as shown above, will yield a profit of $2.10 besides the chance of the county and general prizes.

ORDER FORM.

For the convenience of agents, the following form may be used.

.....1904

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal:

Please send me three dozen of your ten cent Magazine of 'World Wide' Cartoons, for which I enclose post-office order for $1.50, in full payment, and which I will sell at ten cents a copy; the entire proceeds to belong to me.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

OR THIS FORM

May be used for those who fear that they might not know how to go to work to sell three dozen, and yet would like to try it.

.....1904

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal:

Please send me six copies of your ten cent Magazine of 'World Wide' Cartoons, which I agree to sell as soon as possible after they arrive, at ten cents a copy, and to send you twenty-five cents in stamps as soon as I collect that amount.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

This small lot will ensure the agent 34 cents profit, but it will mean delay in getting further supplies.
Those who send for three dozen at once obviously have the best chance of winning the prizes.

Colored Cover Illustration. Special Paper.
Is exceedingly funny. A splendid hit.

A Most Laughable and Effective Review of the Year.

The Paris news stands and agents report that a similar collection of 1903 cartoons enjoyed a larger sale than any other publication in the French capital.

Single Copies, Ten Cents each. Stamps accepted.

All Orders filled in rotation as received. Address immediately,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

NOTE—This Magazine of Cartoons while complete in itself, is an annual feature of a 20 pages weekly paper called 'World Wide,' issued at one dollar a year, and which contains besides the best Cartoons, the best articles that appear in the best British and American publications. This publication is in its fourth year and is endorsed by eminent men and women. Free Sample Copy will be supplied with every copy of Cartoon Magazine.

President Trotter writes—I look eagerly for your weekly collection of good things, and recommend the paper warmly to my friends.

Dr. S. E. Dawson writes—I take a good many papers, but 'World Wide' is the only one which I read without skipping.

Prof. Rhodes writes—'World Wide' is a delight to me. Read every word.

Sir Algernon Coote, Bart., writes—I am delighted with 'World Wide.' The publication is superior to any of a similar kind that I have seen on either side of the Atlantic.

'World Wide' appeals to thinking people of all sorts and conditions. It is unbiased, giving both sides of the most interesting subjects. Its only mission is to select the best things that appear week by week in the best British and American publications, and pass them on to a wider circle of readers than would otherwise enjoy them.

Is your county being canvassed for the above?
Note the cash premiums and valuable prizes.

A Touch of Sentiment.

Mr. Finnegan had been ill all winter, and was just getting about. It had been hard for Mrs. Finnegan, who had to take in washing. Fortunately the family was small in number and well grown. As Mr. Finnegan began to get his strength back he tried to help his wife, who let him stir about a little and then sent him again to his chair.

'You must let me help you wid the clothes,' he said, one morning, as the basket grew to a heaping white mound.

'Sit still where ye are, Jim, dear.'

'Annyway, I can put up the line.'

'If you like. 'Tis a fine day, and 'twill not hurt ye to stay out a minute. But put on yer hat.'

She watched him through the window as he pulled the line taut and tied it round the top of the post. He seemed very active, and she was glad.

When he came in he had a good red spot in his cheek, and he hoisted one end of the basket as far as the door.

Mrs. Finnegan hung a table-cloth on the line, pushed down the pins as they straddled the rope hard, then stooped for another mouthful of pins and a bed-spread. Soon that flapped in the wind.

When she had filled the line down one length and back on the next turn, it slipped, and the white clothes lay in the mud.

Mrs. Finnegan turned quickly and looked through the kitchen window. Mr. Finnegan sat looking the other way. With a few quick sweeps of her bare arms, Mrs. Finnegan pulled the clothes off the line, rolled them up and put them in a pile on the side of the basket away from the house. Then she strung the line again, knotted it hard, and hung the rest of the clothes from the basket.

The soiled clothes she flattened artfully into the bottom of the basket, and, taking it up lightly, went into the house and slid the basket under the table.

'Jim, dear, will ye go in the room while I sweep up here, and ye needn't come back, 'cause I'll be cooking dinner by 'n' by, and I'll have the winders open.'—'The Temperance Leader.'

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST — SUPPER.

AGENTS.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL A 10c CARtoon Magazine; large profits assured. See the large advertisement, with illustration of Owl and Monkey, in this issue. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. **Our Inventors' Help**, 125 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

THE BABY'S OWN

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c. each. Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 415 Toronto**

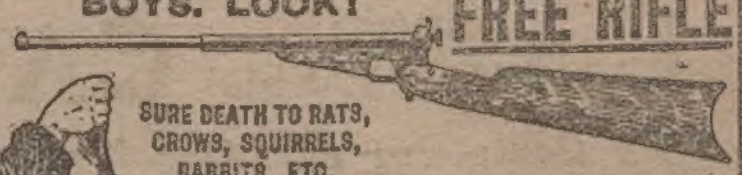
EASILY EARNED

Boys you can easily earn this large finely made Magic Lantern that shows dozens of large beautifully colored Pictures of all kinds, animals, clowns' performance, ships, Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, etc., etc., by selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 different colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them. They are the best sellers you ever saw.** Write us at once and we will send the Seeds postpaid and in a few days you will be making lots of money giving magic Lantern shows. **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 476, TORONTO**

Handsome Fur Scarf and Ring FREE

We trust you with **14** large, beautiful Gold Filigree Heart-shaped Lockets, each enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world (never before sold for less than 25c.), to sell for us at **only 15c.** each. A certificate worth 50c. free with each one. **No trouble to sell our beautiful Perfumed Lockets.** The first 14 people you meet will gladly buy when you say they are only 15c. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this **Handsome, stylish Fur Scarf, over 40 inches long,** that looks exactly like one costing $10, made of beautiful, soft, warm, black Coney Fur from specially selected skins, with six large bushy tails and a handsome neck and chain fastener. If you write us at once to send you the Lockets, and sell them and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **FREE, in addition to the Fur Scarf,** an elegant gold-finished **Opal Ring** in a velvet-lined case as an **extra present.** Ladies and girls, you will find our Lockets the easiest sellers you ever handled, and our presents the most beautiful ever given away. Don't fail to write at once. **The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 435 Toronto, Ont.**

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



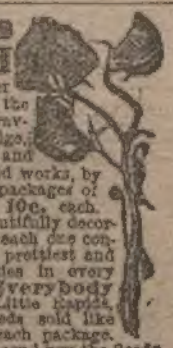
SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speelee, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 8 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 428 Toronto.

Handsome Presents FREE SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address and we will mail you postpaid **10** large beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at 10c. each. **No trouble to sell our Seeds** when you tell your friends that every package contains the finest mixture in the world of **over 60** different varieties, all giant flowers, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. We also give a **certificate worth 50c. free with each package.** When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this **beautiful Ring.** Solid Gold finished and set with **Rubies and Pearls,** and, **if you send us your name and address at once,** we will give you an opportunity to get this handsome Gold finished **Double Hunting Case Watch,** elegantly engraved, that looks exactly like a $50.00 **Solid Gold Watch, FREE, in addition to the Ring,** without selling any more Seeds. This is a grand chance. Don't miss it. **THE SEED SUPPLY CO.,** DEPT. 441 TORONTO

Earn This WATCH



With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, imported works, by selling only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a dandy and am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 455, TORONTO, Ont.**

BOYS EARN THIS WATCH

With Solid Silver nickel case, fancy edge, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement by selling only 7 of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper" and "Family Record," at 25c. each. **A Certificate worth 50c free with each Picture.**

SEND NO MONEY

simply write us that you would like to earn this handsome Watch and we will send the pictures at once postpaid. You can easily sell them in half an hour as they are the largest and most beautiful pictures ever sold in this country for 25c. Write us to-day. Every boy will be delighted with this handsome Watch. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 438, Toronto.

LADIES' WATCH AND OPAL RING Free

Send no Money

Just your name and address, and we will mail you postpaid, **16 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets,** each consisting of a beautiful Gold Filigree Heart Shaped Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable perfume in the world. These beautiful Lockets sell everywhere for 25c., and people are glad to buy. You sell them for **only 15c,** and give **a certificate worth 50c. free with each one,** return the money, and for your trouble we will give you this **beautiful little Lady's Watch** with fancy gold bands, on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors, and if you send us your name and address at once and sell the lockets and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **free in addition to the watch** a handsome gold finished **ring** set with a **large, magnificent Fire Opal** that glistens with all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. Ladies and girls, write us to-day. You can easily sell the lockets in half an hour and we know you will be more than delighted with these two beautiful presents. Address **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 434 Toronto**

PICTURES ON CREDIT —NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept. 415 Toronto.

KICK! KICK!! GET INTO THE GAME!

FREE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL full regulation size, made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn and furnished with best quality red rubber bladder, given for selling at 10c. each only 15 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** A. R. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Jas. Kavanagh, St. John's, Nfld., says: "I am highly delighted with my football. I could not buy it in this city for less than $2.50. Men of experience say it is the best ball they ever played with." Address **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 410, TORONTO.**

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Etta Robinson, Powassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 479, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

Family Portraits IN COLORS FREE.

If you want one of these beautiful portraits **FREE** send us your name and address and we will send you postpaid, and **trust you** with 3 doz. of our large, fast-selling packages of Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. Every package contains **over 60** different varieties, the finest in the world, all large flowering deliciously fragrant and in every imaginable color. You will find our Sweet Pea Seeds the easiest sellers you ever saw. MARY McGREGOR, APPLE HILL, ONT., writes: "I received the Seeds at five o'clock and at half past they were all sold. People were so glad to buy. They jumped at the offer." A certificate worth 50c. given free with each package. When sold send us the money, together with the photo you wish enlarged, and we will have it artistically executed, and beautifully framed in its heavy **rich gold frame,** carefully packed and sent by express to your home. Any artist would charge $15 for making one of these beautiful paintings, and your picture dealer would charge you at least $4.00 for the frame. We have the highest priced **artists** in Toronto, who **faithfully enlarge** in perfectly **natural, pastel colors,** any photo of **yourself** or **loved ones.** Colors chosen by you. Each portrait is personally executed by our own artists, and is richly mounted and framed in a massive hand-made, beautifully carved **gold leaf frame,** full size, 30 x 36, which will be a credit to the finest home. No such offer as this has ever before been made. You get your framed pastel painting **absolutely FREE,** and the photo you send will be returned. The demand for these enlarged beautiful **natural color pastel portraits** is enormous and we can only fill orders in exact rotation, so send your name and address at once. **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 436, Toronto.**

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